

# The Evening World

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MARCH, 1890, - - - 10,709,252

AVERAGE NO. "WORLD"

PRINTED DAILY DURING

THE LAST EIGHT MONTHS,

337,367

UNFOLDING BLOSSOMS.

The Christmas Trees are ranged

in goodly show in their festive robes,

and they are thick with blossoms. To-mor-

row, under the fostering touches of kind

fingers, they will burst into bloom, and

will in their radiant and beautiful fruit-

fulness be despoiled by the quick-fingered

fingers which have contributed to their

adornment.

The good world is practically done

up. The Evening World's Christmas Trees

are proofs of the thousands of warm

hearts who, at this time of the year, feel

for those who have none to care for

them. The poor children will cluster

around those pretty trees and be happy.

It was a graceful idea, and it has been

warmly taken up by thousands of generous

hearts. Money presents and services

have been prodigally offered. And not a

soul will feel sorry for having done this

good deed.

THE BRITISH FLAG IN AFRICA.

SERRA PINTO is not helping on a friendly

feeling between Portugal and England.

He is said to have insisted on the natives

hauling down the British flag. Senator

GOMES, the Portuguese Minister of Foreign

Affairs, begs Lord Salisbury to

await further information before he takes

any other action.

SERRA PINTO has had a great deal of

difficulty in his explorations, being de-

serted every day by his own porters. LIV-

INGSTON and Anson went over the same

route with perfect satisfaction, and were

admirably treated by the natives. This

shows that Serra Pinto is not the most

desirable man to promote any of Portu-

gal schemes for colonization in the

"Dark Continent."

If the little kingdom gets embroiled

## "MY JACK"

Grand Opera-House, is said to have been a

great success at the Surrey Theatre, Lon-

don. It is a roving, ringing, rattling,

rampageous melodrama, full of the most

thing-honored devices, and just the kind of

thing which Noah must have produced at the

private theatricals given to kill the most

of the nation on the Ark. It has five

acts, and let me say how many scenes—

twelve of them, and all beautiful. The

scenery was the thing in "My Jack." The

artist excelled himself, and Mr. Benjamin

Landek's blood-and-thunder trash was

charmingly framed.

No, it is Christmas Eve, and I positively

decline to tell you the details of the plot.

Sufficient to say that it deals with a wicked

baronet called a "hard" on the programme.

This naughty being all baronets are

naughty has his title by fraud. There is a

rich heir, and, of course, missing

documents. If all the documents missing

in modern dramas could be massed together

there would be no safe deposit company in

the world large enough to hold them.

They have been accumulating. Great good-

ness! How they have been accumulating!

If I had a boy, I would forbid him to

cast his eye on either the cover of a dime

novel, or to put his nose into the doors of a

theatre where a modern melodrama was

played, at least until he was old enough to

appreciate its absurdities. "My Jack" is

not nearly as bad as many of its kind. Such

afternoon novels never harm.

The cast was an excellent one, but nobody

had many opportunities. Wilton Lackaye

was positively conventional, which shows

that the part makes the Lackaye, and not

the Lackaye the part. J. H. Gilmore, an

agony-swept young man, was accented

Miss Isabelle Everson, as one of those

heroines who decline to smile and who seems

to be sniffing a tragedy even in the sunshine,

was melodiously enough. Old Dan Leeson

played the part of an insufferably tedious

old man, tediously, and Miss Katherine

Blind, blind, just like Mrs.

Whiffen at the Lyceum.

There was one allusion that caused an

universal smile last night; it was a reference

to the much-feared gripe. ALAN DALL.

SPOTLIGHTS.

Russia is done away with the telephone in

its domains. Everything that tends towards free

speech is dangerous. They are afraid of the

Shillat "grip" in Russia more than the other.

Judge Brewer wrote poetry once. Now he is

on the Supreme Bench. "Is this that greatness

that comes from the lowest of common?

Jersey City's water is wretched. This isn't

as great an affliction as it might be in some

places, but is bad enough. One hates to bathe in

water.

Nearly all the Judges on the Supreme Bench

are bald. Now there's a Bench for you!

Yesterday was eclipse day. It does seem hard

to have the sun go out just as we are in this

electric-wire darkness.

Somebody was shot, trying to get into his

own house. This seems a little hard. Let him in.

We are all waiting with trembling for the

wrong present to be given to us to-morrow, and

by people we don't like a bit.

The jury system is getting more complicated,

now that the jurists are set off by their "retur-

ning" rights.

Nellie Bly made a good break in China.

Chauncey Dewey would make a nice border in

a cheap boarding-house.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

After Tammany is through with the reorganiza-

tion of the Third Assembly District, the present

leader, Foster James J. Slewin, will wear a

contumacious which ought to make him one of

the most successful funeral directors in the

business.

Ex-Congressman Tim J. Campbell, of Corlears

Park, was introduced by nature for a busy man,

and as the people have refrained this year from

giving him anything to do, it is reported that

he will busy himself with promoting legislation in

the Third House at Albany.

Mans, of Dutchess, is said to be slated for the

Chairman of the Assembly Committee on

## IN GARRET AND CELLAR.

Two of Many Families Who Will Be

Made Happy.

And this is Christmas time!

Merry, blessed Christmas, when the an-

them of peace and good will re-echoes

through the world with cadence as sweet as

the music of celestial symphonies.

At this season of the year it is as easy for

the human heart to be gay as "for skies to

be blue or love to be true."

Then festoon your walls with Christmas

green! Frame the pictures of absent faces

in garlands of holly and box. In every

window hang an emerald wreath, jewelled

with holly berry, and over each door pin

the mistletoe bough, that shall be to every

guest the warrant of a welcoming kiss.

Load the fire logs with yule logs, and as

they crackle and blaze toss among the flames

the flames a handful of merry tones or

orange peel, to be a sweet incense on the

altar of home—that heaven, if earth holds

one.

The yule little sister's curls together with

bits of cherry ribbon bright enough to mock

the roses in her cheeks.

Pin a nole in your grandmother's cap:

cover your mother's face with kisses, and,

as the dear old "atle philosopher" used to

say, "butter every feature of your own

face with a smile, and drink in your sur-

roundings.

But before you unbuckle your shoes, let me

take you in fancy first to a cellar and not

to a garret, where Poverty has imprisoned

two families that belong to the very aristoc-

racy of democracy.

Never mind the French family name, for

I don't know it myself; and never mind the

number, for the people are proud and their

weight of wool already too heavy to be in-

creased.

I found them in a basement this morning,

and, would you believe it, the children were

actually barefoot!

There was a fire in the kitchen stove,

the luxury of which the damp cellar

could boast. In a small chair, securely tied

for the day, at a baby cooing and crowing

like some happy creature, heaven sent to

the world, and the mother, with her arms

around him, was looking at him with a

glance that said she was proud of him.

It didn't bother him that his feet were bare

and his stockings ragged.

What are shoes and stockings anyway but

a nuisance when a baby can't walk?

Baby didn't express his indifference to

footgear in those words, but his eyes

danced merrily and his feet kept time to the

rat-a-plin he beat upon his tin tray with his

tin tray.

Two elder sisters of three and five were

less happy. The younger was suffering

from a swelling in her face. Both were

dressed and undressed. No such case.

Not even a shoe or stocking.

Both were pretty and fair, with pale,

dimpled faces, and both were as shy as deer.

So long as I ignored them they remained in

the room, looking at me; but the moment I

attempted to approach they fled and hid

themselves under the bed in the dark mid-

dle room.

Ernest, aged seven, a real living Little

Lord Fauntleroy, was braver.

Large for his years he was, with light

golden hair and fair face of the English type,

but there was a trace of color in his

cheeks. He was not a little of a

clerk.

The beauty of the child made me glad, but

his poverty made me sad.

He was dressed in a threadbare suit of

clothes, through the patches of which his

skin gleamed warm and white, and he wore

on his feet a pair of wooden shoes that, I

told me, his father had made some time

ago. "Mamma," he said, "has gone to work."

She makes dresses, and every day goes up-

town before we are awake. We never hear

her go, but we wait for her at night. At

half past six she is home.

"My papa" always comes home so

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